

A N
E P I S T L E

To the A U T H O R of
The F O U R F A R T H I N G C A N D L E S.

B Y
The A U T H O R of *The ROSCIAD of C-v-nt-G-rd-n.*

————— Diram qui contudit hydram,
Notaque fatali portenta labore subegit,
Comperit invidiam supremo fine domari.

HOR.

L O N D O N:

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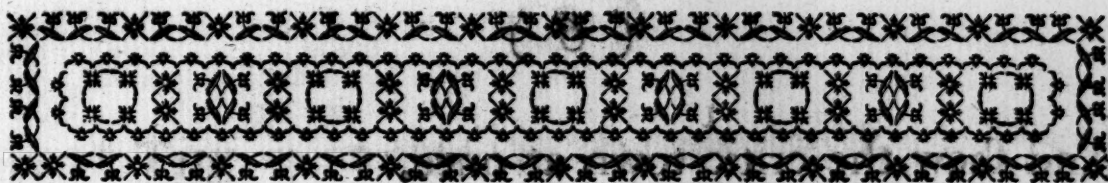
THE FOUR PARTING CANDIDATE

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "THE CANDIDATE"

LONDON

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A N

E P I S T L E

To the A U T H O R of

The F O U R F A R T H I N G C A N D L E S.



S I N C E, tho' unknown to mine, or me,
You with my ROSCIAD make so free,
And vent your pointles, senseless spite,
Before your Muse has learn'd to write :
I, in return, my gentle friend,
Will scan your work from end to end ;

And

(6)

And shew the critic town at once,
(Whate'er I am) that you're a dunce.

FIRST, to defend a hackney'd thought,
Which forty diff'rent Bards have taught,
Without or pity, or remorse,
You drag poor HORACE in by force,
Whose verse thy ears could never reach,
But thro' the stupid lines of CRUECH;
And yet you bring one sentence pat in,
To shew you've got a little *Latin*,
And tell us, with your usual wit,
(*Poeta nascitur, non fit.*)

THY

* THY mean abuse is next employ'd
 On SHIRLEY, COLMAN, CHURCHILL, LLOYD.
 Here take some good advice, dull friend,
 Abuse not, till you can amend.
 And why, because my Muse dar'd raise
 Her feeble notes to CHURCHILL's praise,
 Must thy prodigious wisdom find;
 † A refuge only was design'd?
 Whilst you to S---r meanly sneak,
 And pilf'ring M---'s favour seek:
 'Tis true, I said that CHURCHILL's rhimes
 Soar'd far beyond these leaden times;

* See page 7, of *The Four Farthing Candles*.

† See page 21, of the same.

But that nor rose from partial views,
 Nor terror of the two Reviews :
 To me the bounteous hand of heav'n,
 A fairer, happier lot has giv'n ;
 Should those two giants both unite
 Their Critical, and Monthly spite ;
 Should all the nation with them join,
 And, right or wrong, damn ev'ry line,
 By lavish fortune frankly grac'd,
 I scorn their rage, and spurn their taste ;
 Yet if a moment, to beguile,
 Should SHIRLEY on my numbers smile ;
 Should tuneful LLOYD, with wit endow'd,
 Superior to the common crowd ;

Or

Or COLMAN haply condescend
 One single sentence to commend;
 Should H E, whose manly, nervous song,
 With strength and sweetness rolls along;
 Whose ev'ry verse with candour flows,
 Whose ev'ry thought with spirit glows;
 With pleasure find one faultless strain,
 I might, indeed, be something vain.

THOU next hast found, with searching eyes,
 (Lord! some folks, sure, are mighty wise!)
 That times are alter'd since the days,
 "When POPE attun'd his deathless Lays*;"

* See page 16, of *The Four Farthing Candles*.

That

(10)

That stupid, dull, unmeaning head,
No syllable of his e'er read;
For expletives their aid *do* join,
To lengthen out each feeble line:
Nay, what I think is still more odd,
You write fal-len, and pe-ri-od:
That man that wou'd our ears delight,
Must always fal'n, and period write.
In time, I shall expect to see,
You'll put for HENRY HE-NE-RY.

IF, as thou say'st, my sickly song*
In lazy numbers crawl, along,

* See page 21, of *The Four Farthing Candles*.

Sure

Sure thou against it should'st not bawl,
 Whose song no numbers has at all;
 Thy muse, a foul, mishapen elf,
 Is rude, and hideous, as thyself:
 Thy mortal frame's to me unknown;
 I'm speaking of thy mind alone;
 Where keen reproaches all resort,
 Where biting scandal holds her court;
 From whence she throws her pois'nous dart
 At ev'ry unprovoking heart.

* WHEN common-sense again shall smile
 On BRITAIN's long deserted isle,

* See page 22, of *The Four Farthing Candles*.

C

Thou

Thou dulness ~~thou shalt no longer handle~~ *sure thou shalt no longer handle*
 Thy fav'rite theme, a *Fant'ing Candle*; *Whole song*
 Thy similes no longer bring, *similes, a foul, muddled*
 Which stink, and vainly strive to sting *is rude, and vainly strive to sting*
 But, leaving all poetic strains *thy mortal frame's to mortal strains*
 To those whom Heaven has blest with brains, *I'm speaking of my friends*
 Thou shalt thy old employment chuse, *where keen reproaches come*
 Of sweeping streets, or cleaning shoes. *where biting words are used*
 From whence she throws her poisonous dart
 At ev'ry unprovoking heart.

F I N I S
 * WHEN common-sense again shall smile

ON BRITAIN'S long deserted ille,

* See page 22, of The Four Fant'ing Candles.

Thou

C